# SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE.

## Free Lance Free--Home Again From Wilmington.

XVIII.

HILLHOUSE HOSPITAL, WILMINGTON, *March 17th.*—I have been very sick. I will begin my story over again, for I did not half write it. Our bivouac at Goldsboro was in the woods, and we suffered very much from the cold, for a chill rain was falling all the while we were there—that is, from the 20th to the 25th of February. We had no shelter and no fires, and many died. Bunsey, of my regiment, went insane, and would have been killed but for me. He started to wander across the deadline, and a guard had levelled his musket to fire, when I ran between them with my right hand thrown up and begged the rebel not to shoot. "The man is perfectly crazy," I exclaimed, and I grabbed Bunsey and dragged him back to safe ground. For the first time since my capture I began to grow utterly disheartened. Our rations consisted of corn-meal and pickled beef, and were somewhat more liberal than we had been accustomed to. A citizen also gave me a nice lunch one day. Too much food did not agree with me, and my health failed rapidly. On the 25th we were all ordered to sign parole papers, but refused to do so, believing that we were merely to be humbugged again. The night our division left Florence, after we had marched out of the stockade, a rebel colonel got upon a stump, and commenced to read us a dispatch from Richmond ordering us all to be sent to the Yankee lines, but we drowned his voice with hoots and yells, and, with an oath, he rolled up his document and got down from the stump. So, at Goldsboro, we were again skeptical, and not until a skirmish line drove us up to the tables, at the point of the bayonet, would we sign. [One month from that day Sherman was in Goldsboro with his whole army]. We marched down to the railroad, in the evening, in the midst of a drenching rain. As we crossed some stream, walking on the railroad ties, a member of our mess dropped through, and, although he shrieked for aid, he was left to drown. At the depot we were crowded upon platform cars. Nobody believed we were going to Wilmington. We believed that dreaded Salisbury was our destination. When the trains finally started perfect silence prevailed. For a long time we watched with intense eagerness to see what road we were taking. When we at last perceived that we were really moving toward Wilmington, wild cheers rent the darkness of night. The feeblest invalid made an effort to express his joy. We had a cold, miserable journey, however. The trains moved slowly and often stopped. Many men were dead in the morning. On the afternoon of February 26th we passed through a rebel line of battle. The soldiers shouted to us that we were actually on our way home, and bade us tell the people of the North that the soldiers of the South were sick of the war and wanted peace. At about sunset we reached the Union picket-line near the North East River, about ten miles from the city, but not until we plainly saw General Terry sitting on his horse in full uniform, with about twenty armed soldiers in line behind him, did we really believe that there was no deception in our promised liberation. He rode out to meet us, and said that ambulances would soon arrive to take away all who were unable to march. All of us who could possibly travel, however, got off the cars with immense alacrity. We proposed to take no chances on any hitch in negotiations which might possibly occur. I started at once for the picket-line, and never halted till I got well inside of it, and had both hands full of hard crackers which the pickets gave me as I passed. I admired their bright, clean uniforms, and thought they were the most magnificently attired soldiers I had ever seen, and felt almost tempted to borrow a musket and take a farewell shot at the rebels who had brought us down from Goldsboro. How differently those strong, robust Union soldiers looked from us! They seemed like men of another race. The moment we bivouacked in the military camp, countless negroes passed among us, dealing out hot coffee, the best of cooked rations, and whisky by the bucketful. Blankets were also freely distributed. I drank about three tablespoonfuls of whisky, but it produced no apparent effect on me. My system seemed to require a stimulant. What a gorgeous banquet, and what an excellent time we had that night! I can't describe it. Like weary children we went early to bed. I slept well. The next morning, on waking, I arose to my feet, but, much to my surprise, found myself prostrate on the ground in another instant. A soldier came up and told me that I was very sick, and had better lie still on my blanket. Soon afterwards I was carried on board a beautiful steamer and became insensible. When I next became conscious we were at the Wilmington wharf, which was black with Union soldiers, and a brass band was playing:

"We'll all drink stone blind
When Johnnie comes marching home."

I was brought to this hospital, and for days was delirious with a brain fever. Then I began to mend rapidly, and, although I am still very weak, I consider myself all right, and return earnest thanks to the unseen Power that preserved me from a prisoner's grave in Dixie. Adieu to Georgia "crackers" and the "clay eaters" of South Carolina.

*March 20th.*—The surgeon and chaplain prohibited us from leaving the hospital grounds, but we are rebellious, and go down town when we please. We have been prisoners long enough. Great numbers of the prisoners who came in with us have died. Poor fellows! They die so easily that they are gone before we know it. The man who lay on my left last night was found dead this morning, and there is a boy in our ward who will probably die to-night. These unfortunates expire quietly, and without apparent pain. Every morning at ten o'clock each of us receives a pint of mild milk punch. This morning a member of our ward deceived the waiter, and secured and drank two cups of punch, and was dead before three hours. Prison hardships have taken all the vitality out of many of our comrades, and the slightest thing kills them. One of my acquaintances here entered Andersonville with 115 comrades, only eleven of whom lived to reach the Union lines. Of a batch of 2,000 Union troops captured on the Weldon Railroad, somewhere below Richmond, only twenty-eight survived their imprisonment. This hospital is a pleasant place, and is the mansion of a departed rebel. The rooms are large, airy, and well furnished; the roof is surmounted with an observatory that overlooks a considerable portion of the city; the garden is shaded by majestic trees, and its walls are covered with wild ivy and flowers. To our serious disappointment, we have drawn no clothing yet, and sigh, O how deeply, for clean shirts. We are well fed, having a superabundance of fresh bread, boiled pork, mackerel, onions, potatoes, butter, sugar, tea, coffee, and milk. In addition, we "flank" on a quartermaster down town, and draw raw rations and trade them off for oysters, tobacco, peanuts, and gingerbread. We were in Wilmington as prisoners on February 19th, and on that day Terry's forces approached the rebel lines, and next day flanked them, and captured two guns and three or four hundred prisoners. It was the beginning of that fighting that we heard, and that is why we were run off so hastily to Goldsboro. On the night of February 21st the rebels burnt millions of dollars worth of cotton, turpentine, naval stores, and blockade-running vessels, and evacuated. The next day our troops entered the city, capturing thirty pieces of artillery and hundreds of prisoners. This was the great blockade running port of the south. The last division of prisoners that left Florence for this point found the way barred by a Union line of battle, and the rebels took them back to Florence and put them in the bull-pen again. They found quite a number of dead prisoners lying among the huts. They were finally paroled and sent to Terry's lines. We were all paroled, because the rebels couldn't keep us any longer. If old Winder had been alive, it would have broken his heart to have given us up.

*March 21st.*—We are still busy writing to our friends, who think we are dead. Wasn't it lucky the rebels never found my journals? I guarded them well. To-day our hospital received a large invoice of whisky, soda crackers, condensed milk, preserves, canned goods, strawberries, and other luxuries, forwarded by the Sanitary Commission. Wilmington is a beautiful city;—at least, it seems beautiful to us. Every evening we go down town to view the splendid vessels of war at anchor in the river, or watch the veteran troops at dress parade, which arouses once more our martial fervor. There are some negro troops here. The colored people of the city are very kind to us, and often give us fresh oysters by the pint or quart. Oysters are very abundant here. I never recorded the fact in my journal that a plot was formed at Florence for the capture of Colonel Iverson, and I was enrolled among the fighters. Our plan was for a thousand resolute men to arm themselves with clubs, and gather near the gate at the designated time, and then, when the gate was opened for the purpose of allowing the wood details to march out, we were to rush through and seize Iverson in his log cabin, about thirty yards from the gate, and either make him order the surrender of the post and prison, or kill him. The chances were that the scheme would have been partially successful at least, for the various bands were composed of desperate men, and we believed that death certainly awaited us in the stockade. The sudden removal of prisoners carried away our leaders and broke up the conspiracy. Many also believed that our exchange was about to take place, although most of us did not believe so.

*March 24th.*—I was weighed to-day, and turned the scale at 100 pounds. I weighed 125 pounds when captured, and I have now been in the Union lines a month, lacking a day. The great mortality among the liberated prisoners has about ceased. All who have been tough enough to survive the ordeal are now rapidly gaining strength. This is the native State of General Leonidas Polk, who was killed in front of the Union lines at Kenesaw. He was first an Episcopal Bishop and then a rebel general. [The number of rebels captured during the whole war, not including those paroled on the field, was 227,570. Of these, 26,774 died. The number of Union soldiers captured during the whole war, was 187,318. The records show that 30,674 of them died, but no records were found for the prisons at Danville, Va.; Blackstone, S. C.; Cahawba, Ala.; Tyler, Tex.; Montgomery, Ala., Mobile, Millen, Marietta, Atlanta, and Charleston. The records of Florence and Salisbury are incomplete.]

OFF FOR THE NORTH.

COLLEGE GREEN BARRACKS, MD., *March 30th.*—While we were quietly devouring our dinners at the Hillhouse Hospital on the 25th inst. we were electrified by the order to "Prepare to leave for the North! Report to Surgeon Blank on Front street!" We pitched our rations out the windows, danced, yelled, slapped one another on the back, and got into line in the yard as quickly as possible. At the office of the United States Sanitary Commission we drew blankets, shirts, drawers, and stockings, and robed ourselves in them as we stood in the street. Just think of putting on the first clean shirt you have had for eight months! Some of the boys hadn't had a clean shirt for a year. To the sacred soil of North Carolina—their own native soil—we committed our "graybacks." Then about 500 of us embarked on the steamer *Perit* for Fortress Monroe. Of course we were crowded into the hold, for that is military. We anchored at the mouth of Cape Fear River that night, and in the morning struck boldly out into the great blue ocean. When we lost sight of land, many became sea sick, but I was not of the number. I had never been on the ocean before, nor ever seen it, and my raptures were correspondingly immense. On the night of the 26th we had some rough weather, and more than one row occurred as we pitched around together. On the evening of the 27th we came to anchor in the harbor of Fortress Monroe. It was filled with transports and vessels of war. One of the latter displayed the flag of Great Britain. On the morning of the 28th we landed, and a large party of us wandered along the beach to inspect the granite fortress, which formed such a contrast to the more formidable earth forts we have been accustomed to build. [On the 15th of May following, Jeff Davis was captured at Irwinsville, Ga., clad in his wife's morning wrapper and cloak, hooded, and veiled, and playing the *role* of his wife's "poor old mother." He was immediately taken to Fortress Monroe, where he was imprisoned for a year or two, but his rations consisted of more than a pint of meal a day, and half a teaspoonful of salt.] On the evening of the 28th we re-embarked on the steamer *Fannie* and awoke the next morning on the calm waters of Chesapeake Bay, which was dotted here and there with sailing vessels of every description. At noon yesterday we reached Annapolis. A brass band met us at the levee and discoursed stirring National airs at the head of our column as we marched to this camp. Here we immediately received new uniforms, knapsacks, blankets, canteens, haversacks, and new under-clothing throughout. After getting our hair cut close, and passing through capacious bath houses, abundant with soap and hot water, we dressed ourselves, and once more presented the appearance of soldiers of the Union army. The transformation was so complete that it was almost necessary for us to have introductions to one another. We were then assigned to clean and comfortable barracks. Our food here is of the best quality, and we are distressed at its abundance. Special representatives of the various loyal States have overwhelmed us with sour kraut, onions, apples, cigars, tobacco, fine combs, fancy soap, postage samps, and stationery, and everything else imaginable, and for all these we have nothing whatever to pay. They are free gifts from the people of the North. I have written to the regiment, which is now campaigning in North Carolina. One transport loaded with returned prisoners was burnt at sea, and another one struck a torpedo left by the rebels, while leaving Cape Fear River, and was blown up with all on board.

*April 1st.*—To-day we were paid the value of the rations we would have consumed had we not been captured. My share amounted to $54.75. I am messing with an Iowa lad and a loyal Georgian, and we are luxuriating on eggs, cheese, pies, fried chicken, and sutler trash of all kinds. We are endeavoring to atone for Florence and Andersonville.

WESTWARD BOUND.

BENTON BARRACKS, ST. LOUIS, *April 8th.*—We left Annapolis on the 2d inst. in box cars; whirled along the classic Potomac, down the vallies of mountainous West Virginia, and on through patriotic Ohio; took first-class passenger coaches at Indianapolis, and crossing Indiana and Illinois, reached our old stamping ground at this city. In this very camp I received my musket from the hands of the United States Government in the spring of 1862, and from here our regiment marched to embark for the bloody field of Pittsburg Landing. [In the latter part of April, 1865, a detachment of Union cavalry visited Andersonville, and there found about 250 Union prisoners, who, General Wilson stated, "were nothing but shadows who could not be moved without endangering their lives, and many of whom died on being brought into the Union lines." Soon afterwards, Wirz, who was still living near the stockade, addressed a letter to General Wilson, from which the following is an extract: "The duties I had to perform were arduous and unpleasant, and I am satisfied that no man can or will justly blame me for things that happened here, and which were beyond my power to control. I do not think that I ought to be held responsible for the shortness of rations; for the overcrowded state of the prison, which was in itself a prolific source of the fearful mortality; for the inadequate supplies of clothing, want of shelter, &c. Still, I now bear the odium, and men who were prisoners here seem disposed to wreak their vengeance upon me for what they have suffered. I was only the medium, or I may say the tool, in the hands of my superiors. This is my condition. I am a man with a family. I lost all my property when the Federal army besieged Vicksburg. I have no money at present to go any place, and even if had I know of no place where I could go. My life is in danger, and I most respectfully ask of you help and relief. If you will be so generous as to give me some sort of a safe conduct, or what I should greatly prefer, a guard to protect myself and family against violence, I shall be thankful to you, and you may rest assured that your protection will not be given to one who is unworthy of it. My intention is to return with my family to Europe as soon as I can make arrangements." Wirz was arrested on May 7th, and on May 20th left Macon under guard, bound for Washington city. His life was attempted many times on the route by liberated prisoners. At Chattanooga and Nashville only the most strenuous efforts of a strong body-guard preserved him. At Louisville it was deemed necessary to completely disguise him, and the remainder of his journey was performed without incident. He was brought to trial on the 21st of August; on the 6th of November the court-martial announced its verdict and pronounced its sentence; and on the 10th of November, at quarter past ten o'clock a. m., he was hanged. He was five feet ten inches in height; his complexion was dark; and his hair, beard, and mustache were black mixed with gray.]

HOME.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, *April 13th.*—I am home on furlough, and having the gayest of gay times—maids, music, revelry, love-making, and good cigars. Richmond has been taken, Lee has surrendered, and the corn-meal confederacy has gone to the bad.

*April 15th.*—An emissary of the late rebel government assassinated President Lincoln last evening—a fit deed for the villains who planned the atrocities of Andersonville.

*April 17th.*—Bells are tolling and minute-guns are booming to-day in sad honor of the dead President.

*May 14th.*—I am back at St. Louis again. That was a gay, gay furlough. Who should I meet here yesterday but Jones, my old Florence prison chum, and other prison-pen comrades. We determined to duly celebrate old times. Being refused passes to town, we smashed a hole through the roof of a stable, got on the roof, and dropped to the ground outside of this military enclosure. We then took the cars for the city, and, with many a flowing bowl, made merry of the gloomy scenes of the past.

*May 19th.*—To-day, while a party of us were down in the city, a lot of worn-out cavalry horses were being sold at public auction. A soldier, who had been discharged, and had his pockets stuffed with greenbacks, was surprised to discover his old war charger among those offered for sale. He went beside himself with delight, out-bid all competitors, and secured the faithful animal, which recognized him in many undoubted ways. "You'll get plenty of oats now, old hoss," exclaimed the happy soldier, leading off his prize.

*May 20th.*—Hundreds and hundreds of returned prisoners have died in Northern hospitals. I learn that Joe Hammer, my old-time "partner," is now a lieutenant. He was always a lucky rat. About an hour before our regiment was captured he was sent off somewhere on a detail to build breastworks, and the rebels failed to get him. I wrote about fourteen letters home while a prisoner, putting on each a Union and confederate postage stamp, and often sold part of my rations to do so. Only two of these letters ever got through, and the envelope of one of them bore a personal appeal, in doggerel, to Robert Ould, confederate commissioner of exchange. These two letters were respectively dated Andersonville, August 21st, 1864, and Millen, November 7th, 1864. The Union prisoners corraled at Tyler, Texas, were taken from Banks's army in the Red River expedition. There were about 5,000 of them. They were treated as we all were.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

*May 22d.*—Many Union soldiers here are enrolling for service against Maximilian in Mexico. I have been urged by a large number of my companions to organize an independent company of scouts, and command them in a Mexican campaign. I have had enough of war, and will indulge my spirit of adventure no farther. The boys are having gay times in the city, and, under the pressure of vinous compounds, occasionally grow a little riotous. Many libations are being poured to the memory of times, the like of which few of us will ever see again. Every rebel army has disbanded.

The remainder of my tale is soon told. At Clinton, Iowa, on the 8th of June, 1865, I received my second honorable discharge from the United States Army. The great conflict was over, and a reunited country began once more its march to colossal power and prosperity.

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout were passed,
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal
Now thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight."

[*The end.*]



### The Prince Imperial's Statue at Woolwich.

[*From the London Times.*]

The erection of the monument on the green in front of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich to the memory of the Prince Imperial is being proceeded with. The larger of the two blocks of polished granite on which the statue will rest bears the following inscription: "Napoleon, Prince Imperial, born in Paris, March 16, 1856; killed fighting in South Africa June 1, 1879. Gentleman Cadet, Royal Military Academy, from November 18, 1872, to February 15, 1875. Erected by upward of 25,000 officers and men from all branches of Her Majesty's forces." The statue will be of bronze and rather larger than life-size. The granite blocks will also bear four bronze eagles and four wreaths inclosing the letter "N," the whole being surmounted by a crown and four copies of the motto of the Royal Artillery. The statue will be unveiled soon after the reassembling of the gentlemen cadets after the autumn vacation.

# STRIKING IT RICH;

## Or, From Kitchen to Parlor and Back Again.

[*By Ethel Allen.*]

CHAPTER VI.

Just as I am startin' back to the parlor, Jim comes in the dinin'-room.

"What, in the name of common sense, Sallie Miller, have you got on your face!" he says, as if he was awful mad.

"Why—why, nothin', Jim. What's the matter with it?" and I runs to look in the glass. Sure enough, there was a big streak of powder across my forehead, and another on my nose, and a dab on one cheek, for I hadn't put it on a bit even. I felt dreadful ashamed, but I couldn't help laughin' to save me, I looked so funny!

"I reckon you'd better wash your face before you come in the parlor again. What did you want to put it on for, anyhow? It just serves you right."

"Well, I guess I didn't know it showed, did I? The gas was so low I couldn't half see, and I was afraid to turn it up because of wakin' the baby."

"You might know better'n to put powder on in the dark. I was ashamed to death of you. Hurry, now, and come back to the parlor. I expect they've been havin' a good time laughin' at you."

So I gives my face a good washin', and then I goes and aska'em to walk out to supper, and we all seats ourselves at the table. I was mighty glad Mr. Raymond was way down by Jim, 'cause I didn't enjoy talkin' to him, he used such big words all the time.

"Miss Ebbs, you must have some of this 'ere cottage-cheese. It's a great dish down in Pennsylvany, you know. Didn't you never buy any of it at the Spring Garden market?" says Jim, lookin' her right in the eyes.

"No, I believe not," she replies very low.

"I think Philadelphia butter is just elegant!" says Mrs. McCaffery. "I couldn't get enough of it when I was at the Centennial. It makes me ache now though, to think how tired I used to get every day tramping around on the Exposition grounds. We were only there a week, so we couldn't take time to ever get fairly rested. I heard of one woman from Iowa who was on the grounds only a single day, and she went home and said she had seen everything—actually everything! What a comprehensive mind she must have had!"

"What comprehensive feet!" puts in Jim.

"Capital! capital!" shouts Mr. McCaffery.

"Miss Ebbs, did you go to the Centennial?" Jim goes on.

"Yes, indeed! I was there nearly a month."

"Then you saw all your old friends, didn't you?"

"I didn't have time to visit much," she says, very short.

"Mrs. McCaffery, do have some more fried oysters. You ain't eatin' nothin' at all."

"O yes I am, Mrs. Miller! I'm obliged to be a little careful what I eat at night, as I'm very much troubled with dyspepsia."

"Now, that's somethin' I never had," Jim has to say. "It must be mighty unpleasant not to be able to eat mince-pies and fried oysters and everything nice. Why don't you take medicine for it?"

"O, I have! I'm taking medicine all the time. I'm a great deal better now than I used to be. I was East all last summer at a Sanitarium, and I came home nearly well."

"Where did you say you was, ma'am?"

"At a Sanitarium, Mr. Miller—a medical institution, you know, where they make you eat very plain food, and walk every day, and so on."

"Why couldn't you have done so at home without goin' away just for that?"

"Just as I said! just as I said!" Mr. McCaffery sings out. "She was down there two months, and they didn't give her as many as three doses of medicine that I could find out, but they charged a big price all the same. I told her she might as well have staid at home and lived on oatmeal and 'gems' and such stuff, and taken a good, long ride every day. It's a wonder, too, she came back all right in her head, for there was as many as half a dozen crazy people in the house. They're just the ones to go. Sensible persons stay away."

"*Insanitarium* would be a good name for it," says Jim.

"Tip-top! tip-top!" roars Mr. McCaffery.

"But, Mrs. McCaffery,—was it not your impression—that you derived—considerable benefit—from your sojourn—at the Sanitarium—of which you are speaking?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Raymond! But I think myself that the most I needed was a good, long rest, and I don't blame Mr. McCaffery for making fun of the institution a little."

"Well, I haven't been sick for pretty near three years," begins Jim, "and then I had the small-pox awful bad. I was dreadful afraid I'd catch it, 'cause it was all over the city, and I made it a point to walk mighty quick when I was passin' a certain house, just above us, where I heard they all had it. But one day I found out that I'd been hurryin' past the wrong house and walkin' slow when I got to the place where it really was, so after that I thought I wouldn't worry no more about catchin' it. I managed to get it somehow, though, and I tell you I was most awful sick. Sallie, give Mr. Raymond some more coffee. He hasn't got none at all."

"Really, Mrs. Miller,—your coffee—is so excellent—that I cannot—refrain from indulging—to a greater extent—than is my usual custom. Only half a cup, if you please."

"Upper half?" puts in Jim.

"Capital! capital!" shouts Mr. McCaffery.

"Sha'n't I give you some more coffee, too?" I says to Miss McCaffery, who was sittin' next to me.

"No, thanks."

"It's been a beautiful day, hasn't it?" I goes on, tryin' to be mighty sociable.

"Yes, very."

"Have you been out walkin'?"

"O, no! I don't enjoy walking—I get tired so easily."

"That's too bad. Ain't you very well?"

"O, yes! But I prefer riding."

"Well, now, I like a good walk. I can walk two or three miles and not feel one bit tired."

"Two or three *miles!*" she says, lookin' at me as if I had said something wonderful.

"Yes, indeed! I don't think nothin' of walkin' as far as that."

"You must be very strong. I couldn't walk farther than half a mile, I am sure."

"Couldn't you? You look right healthy, too."

"O I'm never sick! Sometimes I get a little run down by the end of the season, so that I'm glad when Lent comes."

"I tell Belle she has been going out entirely too much this winter," says Mrs. McCaffery. "I don't approve of such dissipation."

"It hasn't hurt me at all, mother. I can dance all night and not feel one bit tired."

"Why, I should think dancin' would be more tirin' than walkin'," I can't help sayin'.

"O, no it isn't! I am passionately fond of dancing."

"Well, I used to like it first rate before I was married. The polky's nice, isn't it?"

"I never dance it."

"Don't you? It's right easy to learn. Jim can polky just beautiful. You can schottische, can't you?"

"I never dance any round dance but the 'glide.'"

"That's somethin' new, ain't it? I never heard tell of it. Maybe Jim knows it though. Jim!" I calls across the table, "can you dance the 'glide'?"

"What kind of a dance is that?" he says, "is it a jig? 'cause if there's any jigs I don't know I'd like to learn 'em. I can dance pretty near all of 'em."

"Then you frequently—indulge—in—terpsichorean—pleasures, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes, I like 'em first rate. Annie, get Mr. Raymond some more water."

So Annie picks up his glass and fills it right full, and starts to put it down again by his plate; but just that minute Mr. McCaffery, who is sittin' next to him, leans back in his chair, and his doin' so jogs Annie's elbow and the tumbler slips out of her hand and every drop of the water goes down Mr. Raymond's neck! I tell you what, he jumps up mighty quick and begins usin' his napkin to sop up as much of the water as he can get at, and his face grows as red as a beet, and I do believe from his looks that he wouldn't have minded chokin' Annie, or shakin' her, or somethin', and I don't wonder much either. I was half scared to death, and poor Annie come pretty near cryin', but the rest had to just bite their lips to keep from laughin' right out. Jim tried to be awful polite, but I could see he was enjoyin' it all the same.

"Terrible cold water, wasn't it?" he says; "but it's lucky it wasn't boilin' hot coffee. Annie, don't you go and do that again this evenin'."

When, at last, we go back to the parlor, Miss Ebbs sits down in a big, easy chair in the corner, and pretty soon Jim goes over beside her, and they gets to talkin' and laughin' real gay like. I was wishin' I could only hear what they was sayin', so after a while I asks Miss McCaffery to play for us, and then I slips across the room to the sofa and pretends to be listenin' very intent to the music, but, to tell the truth, I was tryin' to hear what Jim was talkin' about.

"Miss Ebbs, them are just elegant earrings of yours. I always liked big diamonds. They're mighty becomin', too, seems to me."

"Do you think so, Mr. Miller? Father gave them to me last Christmas. I'm so fond of jewelry."

"There was some nice jewelry at the Centennial, wasn't there?"

"O, perfectly lovely! I couldn't get away from it. I enjoyed looking at the jewelry about as much as anything, I believe, only I wanted it all."

"You said you wasn't in Philadelphy very long, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you didn't have time, most likely, to go up to Montgomery county and see your old friends?"

"How did you know I had friends in Montgomery county?" she says, pretendin' to be surprised, but you could see it was all put on.

"Why, that's where I'm from, and I'm pretty near sure I used to know your father when you lived down there."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I know I did. You don't remember livin' in Pennsylvany, do you? You was only a child then, I think you said?"

"Ye—s."

"Well, your father was a first-rate friend of mine. His stall in the market was right next to ourn, and"——

"O, don't speak so loud, Mr. Miller!" she says, her face growin' real red, "I think I remember you now. I wasn't sure before that I knew you. I suppose you will say I am foolish, but I can't bear to think of the time we lived down in Pennsylvania. You know my father has made lots of money out here, and I would rather forget that he used to be only a butcher."

"But it don't make no difference here who you are if you're rich, so I shouldn't think you'd care so much about your father's standin' in the market when you was a child."

"But I do care, you see. There's no use in every one's knowing it. I hope, Mr. Miller, you won't think I have been trying to cut you, for indeed I wasn't at all sure till to-night that I had ever seen you before."

"O, it's all right! It's all right! If I wasn't a mil-lee-on-aire myself now, I wouldn't have said nothin' about bein' an old friend."

"I'm sure I'm very glad I happened to meet you, Mr. Miller. I have had a delightful evening."

"I'm right glad to hear it. You must come over again before you go home."

"Thank you. I will if I possibly can. I think I should have known you the night you called at Mrs. McCaffery's if it hadn't been for your mustache, Mr. Miller. You know you used always to wear side whiskers."

"So I did, that's a fact! I'm forever talkin' now about shavin' off my mustache."

"O, don't, Mr. Miller! It's so becoming."

"Do you think so? Then I won't."

"I like so much to see a heavy mustache like yours. When it's grey it will be just lovely."

"I'm afraid, though, it won't be grey for a good many years, seein' I'm not thirty yet."

"O, I didn't mean that you looked at all old."

"I didn't suppose you did; but I'm not ashamed of my age. *My* market's made."

"Have you ever been to Milwaukee, Mr. Miller?"

"No, but I'm going some day."

"Then you must be sure and come and see us. Father would be so glad to see you again. Can't you come next summer?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder."

"O, do! I'll drive you all over the city."

"Treat me to beer, too?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then I reckon I'll have to go."

Just that minute Miss McCaffery stopped playing, and I had to go over and talk to her.

"You must have taken a whole lot of lessons to learn to play so fast," I said.

"Oh, yes! I've been taking music lessons since I was eight years old."

"Don't you never get tired playin'?"

"Yes, indeed! I hardly ever touch the piano now excepting to play for company. I havn't learned a new piece in an age."

"I'd learn some if I was you."

"Oh, I haven't time!"

"Do you sew all day?"

"Mercy, no! I hate to sew. I don't know how to make anything."

"Why, that's a pity. I don't mind sewin' at all. Do you like cookin' and sweepin' better?"

"Oh, I never do either!"

"Why, how do you put in the time from mornin' till night?"

"O, very easily! I never have breakfast before eleven o'clock, and then I nearly always have some shopping to do, or else I make calls."

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Belle," says Mrs. McCaffery, comin' up to us, "but really, Mrs. Miller, we must be going, I think."

"Why, its right early yet," puts in Jim. "What's your hurry? Do stay a while longer!"

"Indeed, Mr. Miller, we really must go. These young ladies have been out so much lately that they ought to have one good night's rest."

So I goes up stairs with 'em, and they puts on their things, and then we shake hands with 'em all.

"Mrs. Miller—the evening—has been one—of exceeding—enjoyment," says Mr. Raymond to me.

"All of you come over again!" calls out Jim as they go down the steps. "Miss Ebbs, remember your promise!"

"Indeed, I will!" she screams back.

"What is it she promised, Jim?" I asks him when he has shut the door..

"O, nothin'!"

"Yes, it was somethin', too!"

"Well, nothin' of any account."

"They all said they had a real nice time, Jim."

"'Course they had! We gave 'em everything good for supper, didn't we? I'm afraid, though, Mr. Raymond didn't enjoy himself as much as he might. He's such a stiff sort of a chap. I never wanted to laugh worse in my life than when Annie spilled the water down his neck! Miss Ebbs looked right well to-night, didn't she?"

"Why—I—don't—know. She's not what you'd call pretty."

"Yes she is, too!"

"But her hair's nearly red, Jim!"

"What if it is?"

"And she's got such an awful big mouth, and her eyes are so small."

"Now, that's just like a woman! You're always pickin' each other to pieces. I suppose you are mad 'cause I was with her about half an hour this evenin'."

"No I'm not, either!"

"Yes you are, too. You know you are."

"Well I'm not, then!"

"All right! But, I tell you, Miss Ebbs is a mighty fine-looking girl."

"You told me you didn't like her, Jim."

"When did I ever say so?"

"Why, the night we was over at Mrs. McCaffery's."

"I didn't used to like her when I knew her down in Pennsylvany, that's a fact; but she was right pleasant to-night."

"Yes, I thought you was havin' a nice time together. I wouldn't shave my mustache off if I was you, Jim."

"O, you was listenin', was you!"

"'Course I wasn't! But I couldn't help hearin' two or three things she said."

"I don't care if you heard every word. But there's no sense in your gettin' jealous so easy. You don't expect me to talk to nobody but you when we're in company, do you?"

"Who said I did?"

"Well, then, what's the use of your actin' so silly?"

I didn't say nothin' to this, but I just walked out of the parlor and up the front stairs, a-wishin' every step I took that Miss Ebbs had staid in Milwaukee instead of comin' down to Chicago to make trouble between me and Jim!

[*To be continued.*]

### Cruelty of English Soldiers.

[*Cairo Correspondence of the Cologne Gazette.*]

Herr Janson, the correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagblad*, saw with his own eyes how the Egyptians wounded in the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, half an hour after the attack, were killed by English soldiers. He counted eight wounded, incapable of offering any resistence, who were shot in his presence, and one who was stabbed. Lieutenant-Colonel Thurneisen, a native of Austria, and one of those officers in the Egyptian service who, by way of taking part in the operations, were attached to the English headquarters, also witnessed the slaughter of the wounded in a helpless condition. He saved the lives of several. Two other persons have told me the same story, but begged me, for fear of jeopardizing their livelihood by conflict with the English, to withhold their names. By none of the numerous English officers with whom I have spoken on the subject has the killing of the wounded been contradicted. Many admitted it, saying, however, that they could do nothing to prevent it. Colonel Methuen, to whom I spoke recently at headquarters, admitted it, but strove to tone it down, and frowned when I spoke of "murder." He ironically remarked that the soldiers could not ask every wounded man whether he would perhaps fire at a better opportunity. The soldiers were carried away by the heat of the fight, and spared nobody. This explanation is only partly correct, for only a small portion of the wounded, judging from what I have heard, were killed in the heat of the battle, the greater part being murdered long afterward by plundering English soldiers. * * * The English people and English Parliament would do well to look into the subject.

### A Tramp's Second Sight.

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*]

The boys are telling a good story on one of the conductors on the Southern road. On that run the knights of the punch are not wont to dress in broadcloth or interview a razor every day. On one of his trips Foster—there, the name is out—caught a tramp stealing a ride on the front platform of the baggage car. Yanking him in the car, the tramp was subjected to a perfect broadside of invectives. Looking up at his abuser the tramp, after a careful glance, taking him in from head to foot, remarked: "Cheese it, cull; the conductor will hear you and put us both off!" The tramp was led back into a passenger coach and carried to his destination, and now that conductor blacks his shoes and dusts off his clothes at least once a day.



The will of President Fillmore's widow is being contested in Buffalo by cousins.

### The Girls.

[*From the Pioneer Register.*]

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls.
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls!
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy air of night!
While the stars that over-spatter
All the heavens hear their clatter
In a soft and mild delight;
To the tintinnabulation that, increasing, ever purls
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls,
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.

See the flirting of the girls,
Radiant girls!
How the lover's softened brain wildly whirls
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall!
How he skips to and fro
And perspires!
Would that we could tell the idiot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false ones hurl
Each new whim—see the flame—how it swirls!
How it curls!
How it curls!
Better far that they were churls,
Than fall victims to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls
To the sacking and heart racking of the girls?